

To Protect, Friends

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Summary: Hiccup and Toothless head out for a day of flying and are met with a challenge that will leave them stranded in the forest during another snow storm; will they both be able to return back to the village? T for light swearing and violence

1. Chapter 1

****To Protect, Friends****

****a/n:** This is just for myself right now; I wanted to portray my ideas about HTTYD movie. I began writing this, with in mind of the first movie, gift of the night fury, and book of dragons being released; I know there are planned future installments for this series (at least two more movies, and a TV show) but these are my writings.**

****This is also my first fanfic, so open to ideas on writing styles and criticism.****

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><p>Thumpâ€| Thump! My eyes open slowly to feel some small debris hit the side of my face; the tiny specs lie there until they slide off. Lying sideways I begin to rotate my body to face the ceiling above my bed with ease. The sight of the old wood ceiling brings comfort being in my home, _a place that no matter what, never grows old to the people that live within._

You can still smell the hot embers of the wood burning through the night. A roar comes from the great beast that resides on the roof._ Why do you stay Toothless? _My slumber was tiresome due to the restless night;_ I am nothing compared to the beast you are._ My body kept flipping and turning trying to achieve a calm state of mind._ Why me?_ The whole I night I was thinking about the relationship with the Night Fury, what pulled us together; we were sworn enemies until

Iâ€¦ I mean we, intervened in our once hate filled war; _we opened the barrier separating our kinds. Everything changedâ€¦ everything._

It has been getting slightly warmer for the past two weeks, _spring is due soon from this long winter_, but the weather cannot be predicted, hopefully soon there will be no need of the warmth granted by fires once more. Those fires being are only means to survive the harsh winters we have to endure. If at any point we couldn't achieve a flame or spark, it meant certain death for everyone in the village. Dragons made this not an issue any longer.

Toothless, _of course,_ was trying to get me up at the crack of dawn to go out flying. _I gave you the option to fly on your own, but why choose me, why choose to wait? _I felt an extra weight on my muscles from all the work of transporting logs the other day. I was surprised we were getting so much wood since the snow was melting more each day. It was only around the houses in our village so Toothless didn't aid me much in my efforts. He carefully observed me time from time as I moved each of the logs to the great hall and the workshop, making several growls and roars each time I showed strain in the work. The job wasn't completed until the sun was near setting beneath the ocean once more, a view any viking on this coast could enjoy without issue, though most of them rather be out fighting then watching a glowing ball of fire set.

I keep more of those wings in the shop, in caseâ€¦ The beast lets out another roar trying to wake me from my resting state. I rub my eyes and wipe what little crust there is away, followed by a yawn; I continue by pushing my leg and prosthetic to the side of my bed, the hunk of metal and wood still alien to me. Another thump and roar follows from the beast, I let out a quiet shout "I'll be out there soon!" He responds with a calmer roar then silently waits for me knowing I'm awake now; _â€¦in case I am unable to be in the skies, you will be able to go on without this body. Don't feel bad, I would be okay with this, you will surely outlive me in time anyways._

I sit on my bed for a while looking at my left leg, or what remains of it, a sight that I can't truly accept. _Damnâ€¦_ it's been 7 months with it (about 2 months after Snoggletog), this contraption which now holds the "honor" of being my left leg; I carefully set on the hard wood floor, _the Fury saved me from being eaten by fire, but my leg had perished?_. I put some weight on it enough to make the spring at the foot part go up and down, listening to the small creaks it makes with each push of force upon it, _must've been the impact with the Green Death's tail..._. I was only able to piece the battle together in my mind slowly, and that part took time to recall.

I finally get up to stand on both legs, making sure not to stumble on my left; I look to my helmet, the only memento of my mother. I decide to leave it behind, _there's no need for that today. _I carefully take step by step trying to reach the door in my room to get out of here in silence, everyone in the village is usually asleep when Toothless tries to, or does wake me up.

I stumble down the stairs quietly from my room and walk past that rustic pot sitting above the fire near the dwelling's entrance; the small inferno still crackles and pops every now and then, the small blaze could entrance you if starred at for too long.

The taste of that sour soup made by Stoick last night still remains in my mouth; _that sheep must've gotten into some nasty stuff_. I look to see if my father is awake, luckily Toothless only took me from my mind's embrace this morning. _Father has been a lot more relaxed, without war, he can rest his mind and rejoice this period of peace. _Stoick had a strange way of sleeping, his bed different from many other due to his enormous size. The viking was always on his stomach when asleep never on his back, something I thought was always peculiar.

I head to the door which sits in the front of my home, _instead of taking the back entrance which led through my father's room. _With my right arm I begin to push on the wooden frame to open the door, using a little more force, along with the assistance of my left hand now, I am able to disposition the snow reinforcing the entrance. I walk out and shut it back to its original location.

As I turn from shutting the door covered in iron, I am surprised by Toothless, his large dark figure appearing out of nowhere in front of my body. I fall back and land on where some snow used to be, my back gladly takes the fall and with this, pain shoots all around my body; Toothless is soon by my side looking at me with his heavy green eyes, they are filled with some worry knowing he frightened me into this state. He lets a small concerned growl from his throat; as I push myself up from the ground he nudges me on the back with his snout lightly to help get me standing once more. "Thanks buddy," I say giving him a scratch behind his scaly ears, he looks at me with joy, but shows some concern, I return it with a slight grin to assure him I'm fine. He lets out a growl of pleasure and he lowers his bulking black body for me to hop on.

The sun is only starting to peek over the horizon, the cold will soon flee in terror from its powerful rays, but for now coldness still grasps the village of Berk. Toothless seems a little more eager than usual; the beast releases restless growls the longer I take getting ready for our flight. _ We are the best of friends, I know he is superior to me, yet he treats me as his equal. _ I give the beast a rub on his scaly hide once more; off in the distance I notice something, past the little islands surrounding our home. A giant grey lump of clouds building up in the sky, "looks like spring is going to have to wait a bit longer." Toothless then turns his head towards me with a look of impatience. I hook on the harness and my left leg locks in place; _let's do this_, "Alright let's go!" giving him a grin as he turns back preparing our launch into the great blue beyond.

2. Chapter 2

****a/n:** Recent events are turning me away from this series, but I know I want to continue writing and reading HTTYD fictions. I've had this story sitting around since about April, but I've only published the first chapter a week ago. I've altered it in many ways while trying to stay true to what I had in mind.**

* * *

><p>Dragons | over 300 years of war with them, and now it was all over? How did I, the weakest of my tribe of all these years manage to befriend these beasts? Certainly we couldn't have been the

first on these islands, or were we? We have been taught since our youth to hate them, KILL on sight we were told... disobeying what has been put into my head since birth is what ended thisâ€¦ whose fault was this war anyway? Our viking sense to kill anything that challenges us, or the dragons raiding without end?.. Then again why argue with peace?

_We had the ultimate choice when we first directly met, a choice that could have ended each of our stories at that very moment. I held my dagger to you, ready to strike, but its stare, your stareâ€¦ it had already penetrated me deeply enough to stop me in my tracks. I choose to free the feared monster, knowing that he would probably kill me on the spotâ€¦ but his eyes, they held a stare that showed fear, a fear I shared with him. I cut him loose from the ropes that had entangled him, and what happens? He slams me against a rock and pins me to ground, no chance of escape. His death grip upon me only grows tighter; I stare into his eyes once more, it's like a black hole leading to a singularity of anger that keeps pulling me in further that I cannot escape from. He prepares to shoot a fireball that will end me, I hear the gas building up and I can only cringe preparing for my life to cease.
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Toothless rose to the skies with incredible speed, faster than any known dragon in our area we live in still, his speed could not be matched. The wind whistles in my ears every time he accelerates and the feel of the drag as he slows down. We do this far above the ocean as I shift the gear on his tail fin to accommodate his movements perfectly; a ****click****, comes out every time I shift to him.

Some seabirds let out caws as we fly far above them, their white bodies reflecting any sunlight that hits them. We now soar back towards Berk, the village is still asleep, but we're able to survey some fires still burning down there. Even our Snoggletog tree still stands tall in the center; it's been two months after the celebration and two months with all our new dragon friends. Some smoke began rising from the great hall now; they must be warming it up to prepare the meals for the day. Toothless flies closer to the ground now, heading out to the forests where we had encountered, _an encounter that changed everything..._.

_I gave him up once, but he returned to me, who he no longer needed, but why? I gave him the choice to abandon me, the choice to live his life on his own, the possibility to never have to deal with me again, yet he came home to me. The beast stayed with me, but why? This is something that has been tearing at me since he returned from his first solo flight without me. What do I mean to this powerful dragon? We were something more than friendsâ€¦ he had become my alter ego... This question still stabs at me, why? Why does this dragon remain here attached to me?.. Why argue with this peace?.. _

We head deep into the forest, going over numerous amounts of trees, and finally passing over where we learned to fly together, _a meeting that ended the war..._. The pond down there was now frozen solid, or so it seems from the sky. All the trees were partially covered with snow while some others were fully dressed in the whiteness. We fly steadily over the small depression; my breath is becoming more visible, the little cloud of warm gas dissipates quickly after escaping my lungs.

We go land to observe where we formed a once forbidden friendship. Toothless is looking at the frozen pond and tries to walk on it with some difficulty; I head over to where we drew our pictures. Not a surprise the entire floor has been blanketed with snow, so it must be hiding under it. I try to move some of the snow over to see if I can find any of the grooves on the ground. I begin to push the snow away, little by little and begin to reach the dirt below, but I find no evidence of our drawings.

A sudden ****crack**** and ****splash**** emerge from the background. I turn quickly to see Toothless getting out of the pond and broken ice floating in a spot now, his backside had fallen in and gotten wet. I run over to him but by the time I'm there he's already out by himself. I let out a sigh of relief and he begins to shake his whole body to dry off as best as possible.

This was our first time back here since the war. Astrid has been the only person to see our second home and Toothless almost tore her to shreds that time too. If Toothless never got trapped here who knows what would be of us right now? I would've surely have 'died' in dragon training; Toothless might've starved not being able to fly or run into a villager and killed him. But together we were able to end this war among us, end the killing. Where would I be without him? He brought meaning into my life, all the events before that had been torture for me. No friends, a father who couldn't stand me, working in a blacksmith shop by myself. With Toothless, he became my first true friend, a friend who decided not to kill me after I did the same, a friend who ended a 3 century war, a friend who would die trying to save me.

Toothless gives a small, calming roar as I approached him. I look back at the pond to see that the entire block of ice is now breaking into separate pieces. The sound of cracking ice goes on for a while; "Be more careful next time you wild beast," Toothless responds to this with a cackle.

I take a closer look at the pond now, _glad you weren't in the middle of it._ I then head back over to where our drawings should be, Toothless right behind. "Looks like we won't be seeing our masterpieces again," he responds with humorous growl to my comment. _What were you trying to draw back then?_

I look up to face the open sky only to see it hidden by those grey clouds that blanket the entire sky now; a light snowfall has begun. I look to my friend, "we might want to get out of here before this gets any worse." Spring was going to be delayed a bit longer now; Toothless follows with a small blast of air through his snout. He sees me getting ready to mount him once more so he doesn't hesitate in lowering his large form once more.

"You ready buddy?" He responds quickly with a blissful roar. "Alright let's go!" He arises slowly, the air's temperature has clearly changed even more now. Suddenly, there was a roar in the distance, "wonder who's dragon that could be?" I didn't think too much of the roar, probably_ someone else out flying before the temperature dove deeper into the cold. _

I check the straps holding me onto him once more, making sure everything is in place, we had just gotten out from the depression in the land, but we were still close to it. Another roar comes out from

the forest this time a lot closer then the last... _and a different one too_. I didn't think too much of it until two orange beasts are flying at us with full speed, Monstrous Nightmares.

The beasts slam into Toothless, the impact felt like a giant hammer into the right side of my body. I let out a yell as my body goes to hit the ground, luckily not falling into that depression. As I fell I lost sight of my friend, "Toothless!" I yelled, _I'm not letting anything hurt you Toothless, I can return the favor you did for me.

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3. Chapter 3

****a/n:** This took a while longer to update then I wanted, RPing really takes away from my time to write this story. To Kuroda: I was surprised to see this emerge in our RP on the forums. I'll say this again, I began writing this fanfiction back in April of this year.**

****I** would also like to see some more reviews if possible; they really help motivate me to continue this. They open up some new ideas on how to continue the story or ideas for a second story. ******

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><p>My body slams against the white ground with tremendous force, the snow only dampening the blow slightly. My back is now screaming in pain from the heavy hit, both of the Monstrous Nightmare and the ground. My thoughts launch off into a race, what's going on?! being number one on that list. I try to observe and see if any true damage has been done, quickly taking a glance at my right arm and leg. _It looks scratched up badlyâ€| but we're under attack!_ I then immediately look to my left side and see my dagger, _my only weaponâ€|_

What are those dragons doing?! They cannot be from our villageâ€| they must be wildâ€| they must be hunting. I need to find Toothless right now, we need to get out of here!

I get up slowly, and clearly in pain, the snow on the ground is growing higher by the minute. The impact left my mind spinning for a little while; I look to see Toothless pinned down by one of the Nightmares, _why would they attack a Night Fury? Even if there are two Monstrous Nightmares they can't match a Night Fury in battle! There has to be a reason they would risk such a thing._

I equip my dagger and rush over to that Nightmare and prepare to strike, "Toothless!" I yell running towards the two dragons. Toothless eyes met mine and panic was in his; not panic for his own life, panic because I was trying to protect him, he is strong, I am not, _but I would do anything you would do for me!_

_You risked being burned aliveâ€| You risked befriending meâ€| You stay with me but why?! I am nothing compared to you Toothlessâ€| I'm not feared around the village on my own, I can barely lift a large weaponâ€| I just have a dagger, and do I even use it? Noâ€| I am nothingâ€| but you are everythingâ€| I cannot just be this helpless viking everyone thinks I amâ€| I am something... I'm your friend, you

stayed with me when I gave you freedom, I fought to free you from my own kindâ€¦ I can return the favorâ€¦ I can do what you do for me friend!_

Not even thinking about myself I jump onto the Nightmare's back and push the dagger into its hide. The small blade now shines crimson as I draw it from the Nightmare; there is a few blood splats on my arm wielding the dagger. I can't see Toothless, I just know that this will take the attention off of him. The Nightmare throws me off faster than I could go in for another strike. I go flying fast, but I can prepare for this impact, I made sure I atleast wouldn't stab myself by turning my dagger away from my body.

I hear Toothless shooting off his very distinct fireballs, and one of the Nightmare's responds with an abhorrent roar after each blast. I struggle to get standing again once more, my legs scream with aches, _but I need to help you Toothless!_ A glimpse of a black figure is behind the orange one in front of me. I still have the dagger in hand, but it won't do much against this angry Nightmare. The snow is coming down hard at this point; the temperature alone is making my body shake.

Toothless gets away from the Nightmare I was attacking, but now he has to deal with the other one before he can help me. Toothless tries with all his might to get to me, but we are fighting are own battles. He continues to shoot off his precision fireballs at the uninjured Nightmare. The blasts from Toothless do damage, but these Nightmares are built to handle fire.

The Nightmare I had stabbed charges at me, I stand still holding my ground until it gets closer. With inches to spare I vault my body to the right to escape the jaws that try to rip into me. _That was close!_ I look to the right just for a second to see Toothless fighting with the other Nightmare, _Toothless be careful!_

Toothless is preventing the other Nightmare from joining its attack on me. I can't see this; my own battle is leaving me occupied. Toothless has clamped onto the Nightmare neck and tearing into its hide and scales. The Nightmare is at Toothless' will, a single Nightmare can't beat a Night Fury. I can hear roars coming from the dragon not on me, but I need to focus on my own fight.

I fall to the ground seeing a giant tail swing towards me, barely dodging the flail of the Nightmare. Everything seems to slow down, I can get back on the Nightmare, _but this monster could kill meâ€¦ but I need to help Toothless!_ I get up quickly, ignoring my own pain to get on the Nightmare again.

My eyes are shut tight as the dagger sinks into the dragon's scales once more. _For you, friend!_ The Nightmare releases an ear-piercing roar with my offense and throws me off harder than last time. This air time goes by slowly; my knife in my right hand I lose the grip on, the dragon's blood made it hard to hold; I look at the ground I'm about to meet for the fifth time today.

The Nightmare Toothless is fighting knows its fight is lost; the Night Fury has damaged the other dragon greatly. That wild Nightmare staggers off back to the forest, leaving a clear blood trail, with the fight narrowing down to just one enemy. The snow rapidly covers the trail left behind by the Nightmare.

This hit leaves me unable to get off the ground. My head took a good portion of the blow. The world is spinning faster and faster, my right arm and back is screaming in pain, _but are you okay Toothless?.._ I start to pull myself across the snowy ground, using my entire left arm. Groans of pain escape my body, the hits together have dealt damage. There's a taste of blood in my mouth, I have no weapon to protect my friend.

I hear large figure coming towards me, each footstep louder than the last, a Nightmare. I pull myself faster along the snow but the angry dragon soon pins me to the ground. One of its claws digs into my right arm. I let out my first scream of painâ€¦| _Toothlessâ€¦|_ My eyes are shut tight.

I hear a fireball make full contact on the dragon above me, along with that dragon's roar and wings flapping away from my body. I hear another figure approach me quickly, I turn my body to face the creature and open my eyes. "Areâ€¦| youâ€¦| okay?.." I ask the black dragon above as I feel a blackness come over me.

I pass out. The snow is coming down heavier each second. Toothless needs me to fly. Stranded.

* * *

><p>an: I hope the next chapter does not take as long, but I will be in my dorm and going to college by that time. Sorry about taking so long to update this chapter, hopefully I can get a more set in place schedule.**

**Also, thanks to Kuroda Shadelily for proof-reading and ideas.

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4. Chapter 4

**a/n: I am sorry this took so long to come out with, as I said at the end of my last chapter I was heading off to college. What ensued afterwards was meeting a lot of new people, dorm life, and a whole 'lot more studying. I will try to make my next chapter come out sooner, but there are no promises to both our disliking. **

It was hard to think of how to continue this chapter, by switching it to third person or Toothless' perspective. I wrote it out both ways, but this is the one I choose to publish.

I know the TV show is out now and from what I've seen I was filled with a bit of disappointment. They put so much work into their specials and movie that I guess I had set my expectations too high. I cannot follow it too closely though, roommate and whatnot; people won't usually understand how deep this series can be at times.

**Thanks to Kuroda for some ideas and proof-reading.
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><p>Hiccup! I roar with worry at the human's body. The boy doesn't respond to it, all I can see is him lying there unresponsive and bloodied. I give a louder roar now trying to wake my friend, _Hiccup! â€|_ No response. I begin to feel a colder temperature, but I'm sure it's worse for Hiccup than my scaly hide.

I look around to see if anyone is nearby, but the snow is only getting harder, faster, and colder. It's no longer just a common snowstorm, this is a blizzard. All I can see is the white flurries as they cover the trees around the once battlefield. I turn my heavy black body and look directly at Hiccup, _we need to get out of hereâ€| fast._ I raise my head to look around again, but everything is starting to look the same with the quicker snow. _I need you to fly, _I then give the boy on the ground one more roar. No responseâ€| I walk over to him and nudge him gently with my snout, but he's still not responding. I raise my paw and put it against him and push lightly, no response. As I draw my paw back I feel a sticky liquid on the bottom of it, _your blood... I need to get you out of here._

I begin to think of ways to get his body on mine, but every time in the past he has gotten on me. I stare at his body sadly feeling useless right now; I expand my wings a bit feeling the deathly cold air more now, but then lower them. I know without Hiccup I can't do anything on my own, he is my rider and I need him. I walk closer to his motionless body and begin to push my head under him.

I feel the liquid again, spilling onto my scales, _I will get you out of here._ As his body begins to finally slide back against my head and neck leading to my body and saddle I even it out so he won't fall off. _If I run he'll surely fall, I need to take this slowly..._ I get a gruesome and troubled feeling as I continue to feel the warm liquid roll off of my body with ease. My first steps are slow, but I build momentum and dare not let my human's body fall off me into the numbing snow.

I head off in the direction that I think is towards Berk as the snow shows no mercy with its bitter bites of frost. I glance back at Hiccup, his body is losing its warm pink hue, _we need to get out of here._ I continue to carry the seemingly lifeless body back home.

Minutes go by, the time just seems to flow normally as we travel, but the familiar village is still not coming into sight at all. These minutes seem to melt into hours, and even now the lightness around us is dissipating quickly. I realize I have gotten us even more lost than before, _I'm sorry Hiccup._ The sun is setting and only one thing is coming to my mind, it all seems a bit like instinct now, _shelter._

My head twists around looking for anything that could provide cover for my human, but nothing looks suitable for his soft hide. I can still feel his warm and thick blood on me, it gives me a heart-sinking feeling. I try moving faster, but the quicker my paws go I can sometimes feel Hiccup slipping off. I see a darkness peeling out of a rock formation in the forest and speed over to it quickly hoping it's something we can use. _A cave!..._ _A place to take shelter._

I move all the way to the back of the cave, the wind howls hard at the entrance. The hollowed out rock around us feels like we're on a

frozen glacier. It's not going to prove much shielding unless I can warm up the air around. I lower myself against the ground and then slip off my human gently, my back feels wet with his blood as he gently goes to the stone floor. I give him a small grumble, but he still doesn't respond. _Get up Hiccupâ€|_

I laid there for a moment with the lifeless body, _you have to get upâ€| _I look at the entrance to the cave again, the storm is still blowing hard and night has claimed the land around. I feel and see how cold the boy is, _I'll make it warmer._

I get up and leave Hiccup there as I head out of the icy cave, the howl of the cave disappears as I go. _I will be back soon. _I rush through the woods looking for a fallen branch to drag back to the rocky area. I eventually find a dead one lying on the ground covered with snow after almost setting a tree on fire in frustration. I quickly go over to it and pick it up with my mouth and teeth. It started making my mouth colder than I thought it would, but I can only focus on getting back to Hiccup.

When I got back, I set the large branch down near the unmoving body, but not close enough to scold him with heat. I build up flames quickly in my mouth and shoot over my purple-blue flame and set the wood afire. It begins to warm up the area around me, _but is it going to warm you up Hiccup?_

I slowly move my large body back to Hiccup and curl up around him, he already appears to be warmer, but there are still no sure signs of life. There is a small pile of a red viscous liquid around him and I realize he's still bleeding. I scan his body looking for anything out of the ordinary, I eventually see a clear puncture in one of his arms. I let out a small sad grumble deep from my throat, _I wish I saw this sooner. _I move one of my paws to cover the wound the best I can, _please wake up Hiccupâ€|_

Hours pass and it is still dark out, the moon hides in the frozen darkness, the early spring months only ensure that nights last longer to much of my dismay. I lift my paw just for a second to see if the bleeding has stopped. It has slowed down, but there is still some of the crimson liquid trickling down slowly from the wound. I let out another low roar from my gullet, _please wake up Hiccupâ€| _His body is warming up, but still Hiccup shows no signs that he is still in this world.

My roars only become more desperate as time goes on, _Hiccup, you cannot be gone.._ I look at his face and hold his body close to mine around my paws, _you cannot leave meâ€|_ Still no response, his body is warmer, but still nothing comes from him. I let out another roar at him, louder this time. No response. I let out a stronger roar this time, it's clear masked with despair as I watch the boy. _Wake up! Wake up Hiccup!_ I squeeze my paws a bit tighter around him hoping he will wake, it's the only thing I want. _Hiccup please..._ My look holds fear and anguish, it can only be described as pure distress.

I send one more loud roar at him, the sound was misery. _Wake up! Pleaseâ€| pleaseâ€| _Even though my grip around his cold body is strong, I only feel him slipping away more and more. My sounds become small, woeful growls. _Hiccup pleaseâ€| do not leave meâ€|_ I look at the boy once more and want the best, but it's not looking that way. I rest my head over his chest gently and close my eyes. _You cannot

leave Hiccup! _I can't even begin to think what will lie ahead in the next day without my human.

_Please don't leave Hiccup! _

5. Chapter 5

a/n: The next chapter is due out soon. Just making finishing touches to it.

Thanks to Kuroda for proof-reading and ideas.

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><p>The sun seemed like it didn't want to rise today, like it was taking its time just to make my mind suffer more. The cold never has really affected my thick hide, I was built to live in this, but Hiccup, all humans were weak in that sense. I didn't care, this one person meant everything to me, we've gone through everything together since he returned me to the air. As I look down at the barren boy with heavy green eyes, I see that the boy is slightly blue, but still breathing. Worry can't define my emotions, there was a sense even above the urgency running through my veins.<p>

It felt like days until the first ray of sunlight pierced into this cave, I squinted my eyes as the glow hit the surface of my face. I welcomed this warmth, it was a lighthouse that would lead me to getting remedy for the one I cared for. I stared at him for the longest time now, I would do anything to keep him alive. _I will get you help now._

Time never worked with me, always against. The river of time was hard to fight, a lot easier to swim against when I was alone, but now I have Hiccup in my life. I waste no more of mine or Hiccup's as I get him on my back and start to run back to our village.

I step outside and my paws start to sink immediately. The whiteness seems to swallow me whole, but I fight through it carefully. I knew that Hiccup would be devoured whole if I wasn't careful and getting him back on me would be an issue.

There are many trees along the way, each blanketed with the same material blocking out the entire ground. It held a beauty to it, to have everything seem so pure, but this place was no asylum today. Hiccup was in my head the entire way, _you cannot die on me..._

...

When I finally arrived at the village the people were gasping at me, saying and shouting things at me, but I never really felt I understood what they were saying. I just ran to the place Hiccup slept and brought him inside and noticed no one was here yet except for the boy near the end and myself. Moments later the father of the child arrived.

"Hiccup!.." Stoick yelled at us. He ran over to us with his large body and took Hiccup from me. I knew he was in proper hands now, but I had to stay with him. Soon there was another person in here along

with Astrid. There was a lot of talking going, but then I heard some crying. Astrid came quickly towards me and grabbed me by the harness to and took me outside. "Toothless, you need to stay out here for now..." Astrid said to me, her voice quivery and held a certain chill on her tone.

I listened close to the door to hear anything that rang of Hiccup's voice, but I only heard one thing before it went silent.

"...he probably won't make it to the next morning..."

6. Chapter 6

"...he's not going to make it to tomorrow..." Spoke one voice.

"...oh son..." A deep familiar voice rang out.

...

Death is something we will all face one day, no one lives forever and nothing lives forever. I feared losing my family, even if someone not bound by blood joined the clan recently too. They were, they are everything, along with my friends, I fought for them no matter what. These bonds are the hardest to disassemble, not something even hatred can easily rip apart. I only risk everything, not because I want to be remembered or die. There needs not to be a reason for me to risk it all for them, it is just certainty one would not turn tail on their kin. And my family is just a grumpy man and a feared dragon, it is still worth everything to me to keep them in existence.

If I ever lost Toothless, I do not know what I would do next. What could come next? He gave me meaning for my life that I sensed I lost before. Never did I fit in until we were together; without him I would belong to nothing still. I cannot go back to my old life; death, would be the most wanted path to follow in some eyes versus returning to a miserable life where everyone hates you. I know not what path I would travel if presented to me. I am always thinking to the extra tail wings I have built and have tucked away, the ones which Toothless can fly the skies completely on his own. I was always tired of being such an inconvenience for everyone, I truly wanted to fit in. But that only happened, due to Toothless. A legendary dragon that I originally shot down and planned to butcher, but spared his life. I hate pondering on the possible outcomes have been like if I brought that night fury's heart to Stoic, but that path was avoided and can be forgotten. I am accepted now by people whose wishes were for my likes to disappear, only because of you Toothless.

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The sound of a crackling fire was sounding off in my ears again, a welcoming sound I would dare not deny. It was warm all around, it felt like this feeling had been deprived from me for ages. It felt pleasant, a comforting aura, like I had been saved and brought back to a gentle world. But I started to think why was I feeling like this. I had not have fallen asleep, I had not done anything to get here. I start to try to move my body slowly, but another, more painful feeling then pinches my nerves. _My body is aching.. I.. was at our cove... _I suddenly remembered. My memories started to lull

back to another time where this much ache had been present to me.
Like the day I lost my leg...

I remembered risking it all, to save a dragon, again. Toothless was never 'just a dragon' to me, he was always more than that the day I stripped him from the wide, open skies. I hate thinking of that day, it was a day that was both the best and worst at the furthest end of each spectrum. I knew that even if Toothless understood that I was the one that stole his flight he would still be there for me and I would be there for him. I would risk it all any day, to protect him.

"Toothless!.." I call out springing up to a sitting position in my bed and looking around, but all I see is my father there with a face that looked sad. The first goal in my head was to find out what state my friend was in. Stoick's face suddenly changed to a smile and he locked his bear-like arms around into a tight hug after leaning in towards the bed I lay in. "Son!.. You're awake.." His voice cracked with the second sentence, but quickly recovered and let go of me. "Dad.. what happened? Where's Toothless?" I asked for my friend, both brain and heart demanding to know if Toothless was alright.

"He's safe son, and you're awake! They said you wouldn't make it through the night, but here you are! Alive! ..and well!" Stoick spoke with his large voice to me. I took time to scan my body, everything was there, including my wooden leg. "Well maybe not well, but at least you're not dead!" He had a large grin on his face. I just smiled a little and moved to get up, but my bones ignored the order. "Dad, I want to see Toothless..." I asked him in an exhausted tone, knowing I would fight my faint body to see my friend. He was all I cared about now in this moment. "Sure son." Stoick spoke going to the door and calling out for the night fury. I was just glad the man did not resist my request in this moment.

I knew that even though I got badly hurt I had done the right thing, that I had fought for the right someone. That I didn't care how hurt I would get, as long as Toothless would be in fine feather. I know he is a dragon that can fend for himself more so than others, but I would never stand by and watch him fight alone. If I even knew that I would lose my life to save his, not a second would be wasted.

Toothless came in quickly and ran to my bedside and welcomed me with licks to my face, "hey, hey now!.. C'mon bud I'm already hurting from the fight." The large black dragon had not been this happy to see me in a while, even more so than when I woke up with a busted leg. Memories of that day continued to rise. I ignored all my pain now, all I knew is that we were fighting for each other the other day, and we both came out alive and fine. Stoick just gave me a look and left knowing Toothless and I would be stuck with each other once again for a period.

I stared into his eyes as he did mine. This was a bond nothing could break, a bond that would fight death as hard as it could. Neither one giving up on the other no matter what the circumstance. Our connection was stout, it was secure, it was unyielding. There is nothing more durable than the affinity we shared. I wrapped my arms around his neck as tight as I could, even though my body told me to stop with pain.

"Thanks friend.." I spoke.

* * *

><p>an: Well this story took a lot longer to get out than I wanted to. College and whatnot, especially since this is my first fanfiction.
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Please review.

End
file.